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VOL. 5. NO. 115

VANITY FAIR

Saturday,

MARCH 8,

1862.

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It is hardly necessary to say much to the readers of THE EVENING POST about the plan and execution of THE LIVING AGE. Both have been highly commended by

CHANCELLOR KENT, JUSTICE STORY and PRESIDENT ADAMS; by PRESCOTT, BANCROFT, TICKNOR, and many otherеminent men; and especially by the

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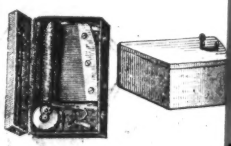

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"VANITY FAIR" PRINT

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WHAT SHALL I GO AS?

"What shall I go As?" asks Miss CLARA CREAMTART, on reading her last invitation to a Fancy-dress Masked Surprise Party. "What are you going As?" she inquires of her Cousin ANNA DE LAINE. "I am sure I don't know!" replies the latter, whereupon both in a breath appeal to the young man of the household, who is cultivating his first delicate moustache, to know what he thinks they had better go As. "Go ATH?" says he in a Madison Square accent, which causes a slight display of ivories and a perceptible movement of the moustache. "Go ATH? why, thuppoth you wath to go ATH a female flour merthyant and a thmuggler." "As what?" exclaim both. "Ath a female flour merthyant and a thmuggler. Don't you know? flour merthyant and thmuggler." "Oh, yes, CLARA!" exclaims ANNA, I know what he means, "he means a flower girl and smuggler." "But then I've been as a flower girl four times already this winter, so it won't do for me." "Well, then," interposes the young man who talks as if he had been educated in what the JOHN ENGLISH call Lispin-hard street, suppoth you both go ath a yoke of okthen?" "Oxen!" scream the fair twain, "O you great ugly creature! What do you mean by such a frightful suggestion?"

"Well, you requethted me to advith you what to go ATH, tho I merely ventured to thuggeth that you thould both go ATH a yoke of okthen."

"How dreadful!" "How absurd!" "What a brute!" "He is too horrible for anything!" and "I declare it's enough to drive one distracted, the way in which he does go on!" were some of many similar expressions that found vent during the next five minutes—at the expiration of which time the young ladies concluded to retire to their *boudoirs* in order to decide the momentous question.

Now, from long experience VANITY FAIR knows that nothing is more difficulty for one young lady than to have to choose what she shall go As. But when two young ladies consult together on the subject the solution becomes doubly inaccessible, if we may so express it. Judge then of the idiot conclusions that would be arrived at from a council of a dozen sweet feminines—each anxious to settle the matter for herself and all the rest besides.

Well, neither Miss CREAMTART nor Miss DE LAINE being able to help each other out of the sea of despair into which they had been plunged, they resolved, rashly enough, to call a council composed of ten or fifteen intimate friends, who could keep secrets any length of time inside of seven minutes, and who possessed "such excellent taste!" Accordingly the idea was acted upon. The council assembled and dissembled. The business of the meeting was stated, and forthwith advice was solicited and obtained.

As we print only eight pages a week, we are debarred from giving more than a synopsis of the results attained on this occasion.

A young creature with mink collar and a Zouave jacket, proposed that her friend CLARA should go As "Sunset," and explained technically how it was to be done.

Another with a table-spoonful of love drops in her dear delicious mouth, thought that to go As "Morning," or "Night," or perhaps "Twilight" would be preferable. The technicalities appropriate to each costume were then detailed in a surprising manner. A young chicky scarcely able to reach her octaves, proposed that neither of the foregoing propositions be accepted, but that instead, Miss CLARA or Miss ANNA or both, should go As "Twenty minutes past three o'clock, P. M." The toilette which is supposed to denote this time of day is duly explained, and was declared remarkably appropriate. Every one would know at once what the character was, it was said. A defect was discovered before long, however, which upset the entire arrangement. Some one declared positively that blue worsted worn as head gear denoted a time before noon, and not after the meridian. As blue worsted was in the original invoice for "Twenty minutes past three o'clock P. M.," of course the whole character had to be abandoned. The session lasted some ten hours, and finally adjourned without coming to a satisfactory understanding. We append a portion of the list of characters suggested, and for which there appeared to be a recognised costume.

Charter Oak.
Brooklyn Ferry Boat.
Eighteen Pence.
Dandelion.
Shipwreck on the Long Island Coast.
Headache, consequent upon unrequited love.
Treasury Note.
Niagara.
Mr. GOTTSCHALK's double Trills.
Half-a-pint-of Fresh Tears.
Sigh of a Simoom.
German Language.
New Laid Eggs.
Unseen Star.
Number 47.
Tea Party.
Wet Tuesday.
Storm in Weathersfield, Connecticut.
Storm in Hoboken, with dress suggestive of Christopher Street ferry in the distance.
Sugar Almonds.
Snapping Mottoes.
A Yard of Pink Ribbon.

THE "OLD SPORT" OF THE "HERALD."

The following notice appears in an advertising column of last Tuesday's *Herald:*

SPORTING.

THE EIGHTH ANNIVERSARY AND EXHIBITION OF THE SABBATH School of the Calvary Baptist Church will take place on Tuesday evening, Feb. 25 at 7½ o'clock, in the church, Twenty-third street, between Fifth and Sixth aves. Admittance free.

On reading the above, an unsophisticated stranger might naturally suppose that exhibitions of sparring or other athletic amusements are occasionally given in the "Sabbath School of the Calvary Baptist Church," and that the sanctuary itself is a tabernacle of Muscular Christianity. We learn upon inquiry, however, that the young man who does the cock-fights and Harryjennings business for the *Herald* changed places, for one day, with the religious young man of that paper, who wants to acquire some knowledge of "life," with which he has been so fascinated that he can think of nothing but "Sporting" ever since his initiation. This, we believe, accounts for the caption under which the religious announcement so oddly appears, though it is whispered about that the latter was written by the "Old Sport" of the *Herald*, himself, and that it contains a subtle reference to subterrene things.

The Dastard of Donelson.

A knave unalloyed,
Of all honor devoid,
Who has always employed
All his art to avoid
Being in battle destroyed,
And who runs like the cholera or varioloid,
Is that gun-grabbing coward and miscreant FLOYD.

THE CARTE DE VISITE FEVER.

Boy.—"Mrs. Pumpkins, the new lodger, sends her compliments, Sir, and wants to know if you can't obleege her with yer Card de Vizard."

It is better to be Right than Bright.

Joseph A. Wright, of Indiana, has been appointed U. S. Senator in place of Jesse D. Bright. Although acuteness is a desirable quality, that it is better to be right than bright is evinced by the fact that if Bright had been Wright, he would now be U. S. Senator. The lamented Henry Clay declared that he "would rather be right than be President," (very flattering to Wright, of course,) and, under his judgment, it is to be hoped that Wright, for his own sake, may remain content as he is, and never aspire to the Presidency.

On the Watch.

On Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, may be seen a long sign

Soldiers Watches.

Below is a smaller sign in which Soldiers are affectionately requested to call in and buy the cheapest watch, etc., etc., made expressly for Soldiers.

Why they are more particularly recommended to Soldiers in preference to civilians we should like to know; is it because the sellers will warrant them Not to Run?

Fieri Facias.

The Rebel leaders affirm that they will burn their crops and houses as fast as the Yankees advance into the interior. Thus they "fire the Southern heart," and use the ashes in the manufacture of their Lye.

A Fresh Tap.

Thomas S. Piggot, editor of the Rebel sheet called the *South* has been arrested for treason. This is tapping secession at the Spigot.

Ought to be Encouraged

A certain electrical practitioner of this city announces that he is prepared to "cure diseased limbs by contract." Now here are splendid opportunities daily arising for one such to test his skill. The Southern Limb, for example, unsound as it is, is already yielding to the Union batteries. Why might not the finishing touch be given to it with a Galvanic one? Then, if our electrician goes in for homœopathy, and believes that "like cures like," let him at once contract to cure our contractors, who, in the aggregate, constitute one of the ugliest and most fungose limbs upon the body belligerent. There are certain Limbs of the Law, too—such as "Tombs Lawyers"—the cauterizing which off the cuticle of the community would be a good deed. The contractor might contract everything but his limits, in fact; for neither in the Church, the Courts, the Legislature or the Public Departments in general, can it be truthfully averred that there is any scarcity of corrupt members for him to practise on.

A Brilliant Opening.

We find the following advertisement in a newspaper:

WANTED—A YOUNG MAN, of good address, with $150 to $200 to take an interest in the manufacture of a light article, in demand, affording a handsome profit.

It is not generally known, but we know, for we know everything, that the above appeal comes from the office of *The World*. This accounts for the fact that the young man who is to manufacture the Light Article must pay $200 for the privilege. It is possible that the Young Man may "take an interest in the manufacture" of Light Articles, but whether the public will take an interest in reading them, is another matter. Our Heavy Man, who in comparison with the writers in *The World*, is an absolute Zephyr, has applied for the situation; and considering that he really has Two Hundred Dollars, our private opinion is that he will be immediately engaged.

A Quirk from Cockaigne.

Q. In what respect does our modern Cincinnati remind one of the Bashan of ancient days?

A. 'Og is king there.

A THEOLOGICAL BEAST.

As a general rule, Vanity Fair writes down a man who advertises for a wife, either as an ass or a scoundrel, or both, so far as the two characters are compatible. Imagine, therefore, the wrath, awful and intense which pervaded our bosom, on reading the following, in a Boston newspaper:

MARRIAGE IN TRUE HIGH LIFE. A young man (appearance *bonne et belle assez*) a recent graduate with honors of one of the first Universities of New England, Theological course just completed, now at the head of a public institution near Boston, has sound health and a small competency of about $9000 wishes to correspond, with a view to marriage, with some lady *of equality*, of musical talent and of deep piety. Please address till April. Box ——— Boston, Mass.

O what an insufferable ass is here! O what an ineffable prig this fellow must be! O what an extraordinary university, which showered its honors on this smirking, ogling, indecent blockhead! O what a Theological School which made this disgusting coxcomb a Divine! O what a "Public Institution" which calls this acephalous ninnyhammer its "head!" His appearance is good, is it? Then his appearance does him great injustice. He is "*belle assez*"—sufficiently handsome, is he? Didn't he mean to say "self-sufficiently," when his bad French broke down altogether? "*Bonne*" and "*belle assez*," indeed!

And what, moreover, does this puppy mean by "True High Life?" What does he know about it? About as much, we fancy, as he knows of "deep piety." Why didn't he say "skin-deep piety," while he was about it? Heaven help the poor, unfortunate woman who should be deluded into calling him husband! It would take more than "nine thousand dollars," and more than ninety thousand dollars, to make him palatable; whereas, we do not believe that he has anything like nine thousand mills, and do fervently believe that he is in debt to his tailor.

It is pretty evident to us that we, who are usually so serene, are losing our temper. So we will content ourselves with expressing the hope, that this beast may get more than he expects—that the woman who marries him may turn out a shrew with a talent for talking and another talent for spending the "nine thousand dollars" (if he has them) with incalculable velocity.

HORSE, FOOT, AND ARTILLERY.

SOMEBODY has lately been exhibiting a gun worked by means of a crank, on the simple principle of those useful accessories the churn and the washing-machine. As long as the handle is kept turning, a continuous hail of shot is discharged from the gun, which thus combines the character of the Mangle with those of the more innocuous articles above mentioned. Out of this a suggestion arises. It is this. There is a certain class of industrials in our large cities—chiefly in New York—whose occupation admirably fits them for working a gun or any other engine set going by means of a revolving handle; and this class happens to be one that, of all others, could perhaps best be spared from our midst. We allude to the organ-grinders, whose good right hands have ever been foremost in the work of Revolution, and might now render able assistance in crushing out Rebellion from the land. If "one good turn deserves another," it would be a fair illustration of the principle to promote these wandering Bohemians from the organ-handle to the crank of the washing-machine cannon, to which a music-barrel might be attached, heavily charged with "Hail Columbia" and other airs appropriate to the discharge of grape-shot.

The revival of armor seems to be attracting some attention among military men and manufacturers of war trappings. We have already alluded to the bullet-proof vest. This is likely to be soon matched with pantaloons made out of watch-spring cloth, which is not only proof against every kind of small projectiles and edged weapons, but gives great buoyancy to the wearer. A regiment clad in watch-spring cloth can be wound up to go for any length of time, in any given direction, and at any rate of speed. The notion is by no means new, but merely a revival of the old clothes mentioned by SAWDOR, who tell us that the commander of a regiment thus equipped was called the Captain of the Watch; and it also appears, from many old books and engravings, that our ancestors wore Clocks upon their stockings. As yet the watch-spring uniform is far from perfect, and some modification—such as making it half wool—will be required before it can be adopted with perfect safety to the wearer. For instance, the Editor of the *Tribune*, so famous for his efforts in the cause of humanity, invested himself in a full suit of watch-spring flannel a few days since, for the purpose of testing it against the STEVENS Battery. With his usual firmness of purpose, he insisted upon winding himself up, but forgot to graduate and give proper direction to the motive power, which immediately took him away with great velocity in a course due North. When last seen he was still northing at a tremendous pace, every now and then shouting "Onward to Richmond!" in a voice slightly hoarse from repetition.

OUR ZOOLOGICAL RECREATIONS.

Mercurius Diurnus.—Cuvier. *Fabulator Maximus.—Buffon.*

This animal, commonly known as The Newspaper Reporter is found in all large cities, and fine specimens may at any time be observed in Printing House Square. An inferior (*Fabulator Rusticus*) has been noticed in the rural districts where it shows an insatiable passion for large pumpkins, and for old ladies who have completed their hundreth year. The Reporter, however, is only in its element, in the midst of urban bustle, noise, crime, wickedness, suicide, murders, forgeries, defalcations, elections, and the Anniversary Week. It is a deadly enemy to the Coroner (*Caedis Quaesitor*) and to the Street Inspector (*Dux Viarum.*) and misses no opportunity of revenging itself upon the mud lles of the one, and the mud of the other. It is also, usually, in hot water, with the Managing Editor (*Editor Editus*) who continually asks it not to spread itself, and to take more care of its grammar; and who is continually disappointed; and is always having his breakfast spoiled by reading his own newspaper. For it must be noticed that if the *Fabulator Maximus* has a passion in the world, it is for fine writing; and for spreading itself when it has an opportunity, which is usually after midnight, when the Manager has gone home. It is then that this animal revels in a surfeit of bad grammar and bombast. It is then that it composes those miraculous weather-paragraphs which have cast a golden halo about the thermometer. It is then that it informs the public, that the Great Tragedian, MUGGINS is making, has made, or will make, an enormous sensation—that he has the versatility of GARRICK, the dignity of KEMBLE, the fire of KEAN, the classicality of MACREADY, and the voice of GUSTAVUS BROOKE. It is then that it announces for the thousandth time, that you can buy a hat of GENIN, which you undoubtedly can do, if you have the money to pay for it. It is then that milliners, grocers, tailors and eating-house keepers come in for the puff direct or the puff oblique. It is then that extremely fine articles on New Year's day and the twenty-second of February, are sent up and set up. It is then—but enough!

The *Fabulator Maximus* takes its nigging regularly at ten o'clock and thirty minutes, A. M., from the Manager, whose breakfast has been spoiled as aforesaid, and who comes down town in a high, autocratic and impetuous frame of mind. He summons with a loud voice, the peccant Reporter to enter the Sanctum Sanctorum. Then its grammatical errors are pointed out with ferocious politeness, and it receives a vigorous intimation that it had better be looking out for another situation. But these agitating interviews rarely result in anything. The *Fabulator Maximus* is penitent—the stern Manager relents—and things go on much as before.

But if there be anything more palatable to this animal than another, it is what is called Rumor. There is no story too absurd for it to swallow, always provided it be sweetened with "ON DIT." Thus, the creature is particularly in its element, when it can write:

On Dit, that the Rev. Dr. PENTATEUCH has eloped with the amiable, beautiful and accomplished wife of his Churchwarden.

On Dit, that a marriage is on the *tapis* between Miss CAMILLA, the graceful actress at WALLACK'S, and Mr. THUNDERBOLT, the admirable tragedian at LAURA KEENE'S Theatre.

On Dit, that a well known Merchant in William Street is about to fail for Two Hundred and Sixty Three Thousand Dollars, and Thirty Seven and One Half Cents.

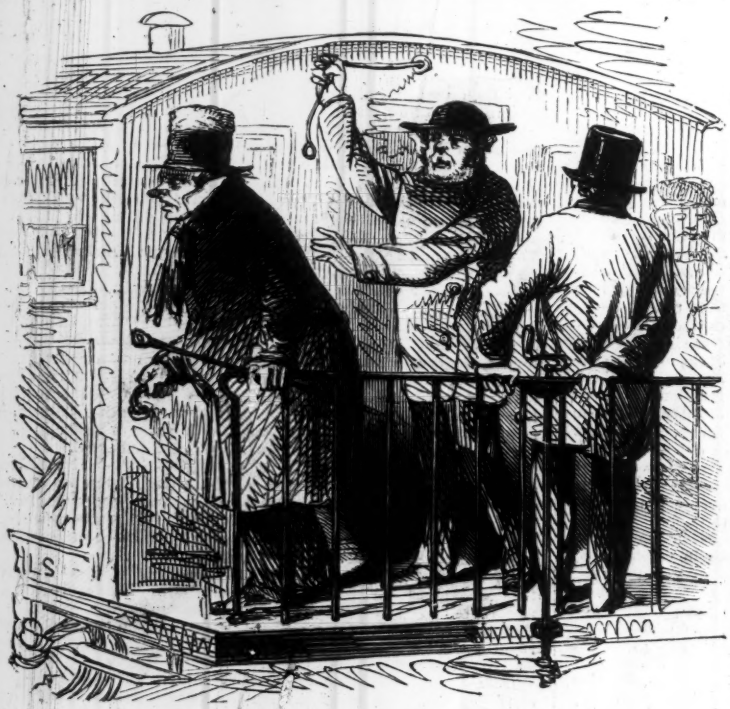
On Dit, that President LINCOLN has ordered a complete suit of clothes of MR. TAPE, the popular and artistic tailor at 911, Broadway.

When the Reporter, however, can have a regular shrouded-in-inexplicable-mystery murder, it comes out the strongest. It is estimated that the great Bond Street Murder was as good as 10,000 pots of beer to the Reporter. It is clear that a murder presents finer opportunities for reporting, than can be expected from any other event. You describe the remains. You describe the house in which the remains were found. You describe the street in which stands the house in which the remains were found. You describe all the people who live in the street in which stands the house in which the remains were found. You describe all the relations of all the people who live in the street in which stands the house in which the remains were found. The columns of the newspaper are given up to you, and you receive an absolute *carte blanche* in respect of wood cuts. You are allowed to publish maps of the murderous ward. You go to the inquest—you go to see the prisoner in the Tombs, and report his conversation—you go to see the prisoner's aunt, and report *her* conversation—you go to the trial and report all the squabbles of the lawyers—you go to hear the convict sentenced, and report that he seemed agitated, or didn't seem agitated—you go to see him hung and report that he was unmistakably agitated. Then you take a little beer, and look out for a new murder.

It must be admitted that notwithstanding the solace of beer, pipes and Cash Down on Saturday, the *Fabulator Maximus* has a hard time of it. Sometimes a hatter on one of the Avenues gives it a hat—but what permanent consolation is that. It has the run of all the theatres, until it is sick of the sight of a proscenium. It is beset for puffs which it isn't in its power to give and it is waylaid by Aldermen of the disreputable variety who insists that it commands columns over which it has not the least control. It has but one consolation. It can, now and then, display its admirable command over the English Language, in its newspaper. What if it does get a blowing up in the morning? The worst they can do is to "dead" it in the Second Edition.

General Nomenclature.

Terrible confusion pervades the telegram and the "special letter," of late, owing to coincidences in names of leaders on both sides in this war. The greatest "mull" we have yet heard of, though, arising from this, was that perpetrated by the correspondent who assumed that General HOOKER'S Division meant FLOYD'S, and had reference to a division of punder.



HORSE-CAR SOLICITUDE.

Conductor—"DON'T JUMP SIR! IF YOU WAS TO CARRY AWAY A LAMP-POST OR GO THROUGH A WINDOW, THE LINE WOULD HAVE TO PAY FOR IT!

NOW, GOOD PUBLIC, TAKE CARE

Mr. STANTON'S *ukase* is a very fine thing in its way. His valiant and patriotic hand is just where it ought to be, on the mouth of the tell-tale press. But we imagine that it bodes no good to our admirers the public, and for reasons. To begin with, the editors will lie to oblige the Secretary of War in a manner most frightful to behold. When all is really "quiet along the Potomac" we shall find the dailies giving details of a terrific encounter between the two opposing grand armies. The *Herald* will see that BEAUREGARD is well whipped at Manassas every two days until the official bulletin announces the fact.

The *Tribune* will insist that Washington is not only besieged, but taken—like a dose of homœopathic medicine—at a gulp. The *World* will march General BURNSIDE'S Fleet across lots to Richmond—the General and soldiers dragging a vessel apiece by its port-anchor cable. The *Times* will scare up thousands of "Reliable Gentlemen" from Alabama, Louisiana, and Mississippi, and furnish as splendid an assortment of lies as was ever offered for two cents. BEAUREGARD will have the measles, JOHNSON the mumps, JEFF DAVIS will teethe, STEPHENS will waste away all but his pantaloons, and cork-legged FLOYD will run forever. We may get reports in the evening papers that JOHN BROWN is marching off instead of on; that Hoboken is to be bombarded; that eighteen pence is worth two shillings in Wall Street—with map of the street, and diagrams of all the old gentlemen who have bank accounts in it; and that Mr. LINCOLN having crushed the great rebellion is busy stamping on it with his great big boots.

The public had better watch those editors closely.

KATONAH.

"The difficulty in this case, (the Katonah Post Office) arises from a political effort to remove Mr. BENEDICT, who was appointed by Judge BLAIR himself, on the nomination of a large number of gentlemen, in September last, and put in his place Mr. WHITLOCK, a shopkeeper who sells liquor. The women of the neighborhood, with great unanimity have earnestly protested against the change."—*E. Post.*

What signify the nation's pangs,
The fierce Congressional harangues,
The stunning shouts, the booms, the bangs,
When such a war-cloud o'er thee hangs,
KATONAH?

Can Westchester behold thy strife
(Although there's yet no loss of life,)
And not unsheath her carving-knife
For Temperance and the temperate wife,
KATONAH?

Shall good Postmaster BENEDICT,
Whose views of drink are very strict,
Bow to relentless BLAIR'S edict,
And "out" by liquorish WHIT. be kicked,
KATONAH?

Will your brave citizens agree
To favor such a wretch as he,
Because your BENEDICT, so free,
Once didn't vote for HAIGHT, M. C.,
KATONAH?

Shall corresponding wives and maids
Let fathers frequent WHITLOCK'S shades
And turn to jolly, roystering blades,
When WHITLOCK'S syren voice persuades,
KATONAH?

Shall even ROBERTSON, the Judge,
Make temperate BENEDICT'S townsmen budge
Because he's given BLAIR a nudge
Or a wink, or a "threat?" Tut! nonsense! fudge!
KATONAH!

'Tis only since September last
Your friend's enjoyed his luck so vast:
Stick to him till the storm be past,
And make old WHITLOCK stand aghast,
KATONAH?

VANITY FAIR TO THE KING OF SIAM.

SIRE,—In the name of the American People we thank you for the generous offer made by you to our Chief Magistrate—namely, to furnish the Government of the United States with a supply of wild elephants for the purpose of stocking their forests and swamps. At the same time, however, we most respectfully decline to have anything to do with the proffered tuskers, for the following reasons.

1. The sight of the elephant has already proved too much for many of our young men. Were there more elephant in proportion to our population than we have at present, the effects might be disastrous indeed.

2. Did we accept the magnificent offer of Your Majesty, we should probably have some Oriental Prince down upon us with a ship-load of tigers, the pugnacious propensities of our young men with regard to conflicting with that animal being a by-word even in the remote East. We cannot afford to have more tiger in proportion to our population. It wouldn't pay.

In thus deciding, however, we will express a wish that the shadows of Your Majesty's elephants may so increase from day to day that a couple of them will make a good trunk-full.

Accept our distinguished consideration.

Vanity Fair.

Suggestive.

We wonder whether the following idea ever occurred to the Emperor of the French, amid his intrigues with regard to providing Mexico with a European Sovereign.

Mexico is spelt "Mexique," in French, and it is pronounced "Make Sick." That's the idea.

THE NEPHEW OF HIS UNCLE.

How cunningly Louis Napoleon keeps that old dagger out of sight while he dallies with Britannia about raising the Blockade!

CONFESSIONS OF AN OMNIBUS HORSE.

III.

There being no Asylum for lunatic horses, our friend SAL was permitted to remain among us. We had also an idiot horse, who gibbered incessantly and worried the nervous ones half to death. It was generally conceded that SAL's lunacy was chiefly a sort of *delirium tremens*, produced by the brandy with which her driver used to dose her copiously as a medicine. He often declared that he conversed with ghostly steeds who occupied a tract of country beyond the Palisades and pale of civilization. The idiot's name was SQUAB. Of course he did not amount to much—but few idiots do. A third notoriety in our stable was a horse that had served in both the Revolutionary war and that of 1812—15. This creature KIPPENBROWN styled miscellaneously 'FORE-THE-FLOQD, DADDY ANCIENT, HAIL COLUMBIA, and OLD NINE-MILES-A-MINUTE.

The latter appellation was most in vogue, being deemed so appropriate, since he seldom accomplished nine yards in that space of time. NINE-MILES had been a bit of a racer as well as soldier in his time, and had acquired certain evil race-track habits, such as swearing, betting, and for aught I knew pocket-book dropping. Like all veterans he used to bore us with incidents of battle. Of course he once belonged to General GEORGE WASHINGTON—all negroes and horses over sixty three did. When any one disputed his statements, he immediately offered to back up his assertions in the Old Sport style, by betting suppers for the party at TATTERSALL's or the Chelsea stables.

Once I asked him how it was about little GEORGE and that hatchet and the old gentleman's pear-tree, whereupon he denounced me as a traitor to the constitution and a reviler of the Declaration of Independence. This was depressing I must own, but failed to carry conviction enough to my mind to cause a change of political opinions. It may astonish the casual reader when I say that every omnibus horse resembles the Mariner's compass, because of his Points.

(N. B. This little effort is not wholly original with me—it having been got off after dinner, one fine summer's day, by a horse who was once employed by the late lamented JOSEPH MILLER, Esq.

Honor cui honor est.

(Pretty-nearly-played-out-old-proverb.) Yes, no matter in what stage of mental or physical decay a 'Bus critter may be, he still maintains his points. Turfmen will readily comprehend that such things are an advantage. From what has been so far related it will be seen that the conspicuous points belonging to the animals described were *delirium tremens*, first class idiocy, and blowing—*i. e.* self-praise. It would take fifteen years exactly to give details regarding the salient features of the entire complement of horses owned by the stage people—and as I have not fifteen years to spare I must beg off from enumerating them. Suffice it to say that KIPPENBROWN kept fifty eight horses or parts of horses—chiefly the latter. They were colored to suit the most capricious tastes of any number of drivers. Some were cream-colored, some blue, some pea-green, some pink, some orange with scarlet manes and tails, some slate colored, and one was endowed with a coat exactly like a sheet of Gowanus heat lightning or a couple of yards of MERRIAM's Aurora Borealis. Hiccoughs were as fashionable among us as measles in Mackerelville, or domestic infelicity in first circles. Besides our idiot and lunatic, we counted up a hypochondriac, and a monomaniac, as well as a dozen semi-blind, nine deaf and several beasts variously affected. The monomaniac used to give lectures—his subject being invariably the establishment of a horse police to protect the community from the brutality of drivers and hostlers.

He also advocated the abolition of drivers altogether, and when asked how this was to be accomplished unfolded a scheme for getting them to colonize in the Park, start a republic, and wage a war against the folks who occupy the offices in the City Hall.

Perhaps our most agreeable companion was a mare of sweet sixteen, named CANARY. She pretended to be possessed of considerable voice and often threatened to appear at the Astor Place opera house. Her main obstacle to success was that she was always Horse.

Her husky tones were her best, although she prided herself on the ease with which she vaulted over an upper E flat. Going down Broadway she invariably sang a few staves that were loud enough to have disturbed the slumbers of the residents of Albany. This regularly caused an altercation between herself and driver, and the highest words known to any dictionary would pass between them. From singing, CANARY naturally took to screaming and yelling, and so frightful were her performances in this way that on several occasions the bodies of some five or six venerable ladies and gentlemen were found lying about on the omnibus floor—the unfortunate passengers having been terrified into fits. KIPPENBROWN offered to have CANARY's throat stuffed with limestone, but they never did it. I think she was finally sold to the owners of the Day Steamboat line between this city and Albany, and that these people fitted her up on the hurricane deck of the *Armenia*, changing her name for private reasons, to CALLIOPE. Her "Pop goes the weasel"—with emphatic "pop"—"Star-Spangled Banner," "Red, White and Blue," and "Yankee Doodle" are familiar to all travellers and sojourners along the Hudson. Next to that of a whistling dog, her vocalization is the finest I have ever heard.

THE CONFEDERATE CARNIVAL.

RICHMOND, FEB. 22, 1862.

AIR :—*Burial of Sir John Moore.*

Not a shout was heard, not a joyous laugh,
As poor JEFF to the platform they hurried,
For the chivalry knew by the telegraph
What in Tennessee had occur-red.

They swore him in, while he inly swore—
The foam from his lank jaws churning,
And a noose seemed dangling his eyes before,
With his effigy 'neath it turning.

He thought how the foe, in the far Southwest,
Had haunted his sleepless PILLOW,
And how FLOYD of the white-goose-feather crest,
Had been Footed o'er dale and hill oh!

The inaugural job was scarce half way done
When the concourse with dread was shaken;
For a message was brought by some son of a gun,
That Nashville alas! was taken.

Loudly JEFF groaned o'er the city gone,
And the people with questions bored him,
Till they saw by the way he maundered on
That the terrible news had floored him.

Only the man of the *Richmond Whig*
Was cruel enough to upbraid him,
But he said right out, the ungenerous pig!
"JEFF had ruined the people who made him!"

Sadly the mournful mummery passed,
Amid pitiful lamentations,
And no gleam of hope cheered the first and last
Of Secession inaugurations.

Soon thank God! we shall see the end
Of Rebellion's demon story,
And the Union Stars, as at first they rose,
Shall shine ALONE in their glory!

LETTER FROM THE EMPEROR WILYTONGUE.

TO THE HON. TOADY SNIGGINS, OF LITTLE PEDDLINGTON.

Having been informed some time since that a letter from the Emperor WILYTONGUE had been received by our eloquent friend SNIGGINS, in acknowledgement of a patent gas balloon let off at Little Peddlington when the Prince NOSEABOUT stopped there to dine, we expressed to Mr. SNIGGINS a desire to have a copy of the letter for publication. With this request Mr. SNIGGINS has, with characteristic reluctance complied, yielding these scruples which commonly prevent gentlemen from publishing their private correspondence, to the reflection that a letter from such a source and of such a nature, must possess an interest for all mankind, and was probably intended for the press. We present the following translation of the letter :

"PALACE DOUBLEFACE, Nov. 24. 1861.

SIR :—I have examined with lively interest your patent gas balloon, let off while my relative, the Prince NOSEABOUT, was dining at Little Peddlington. It is a fine balloon, and the gas is a gas of excellent quality. I am delighted that you sent me this effluvious work, and also to observe that our respective countries are alike amenable to the gaseous influence. It is a happy fact; for how otherwise would it be possible for great persons to mount aloft? I am also particularly pleased with those complimentary allusions to the departed grandeur of my family, with which your charming balloon is ornamented. Receive therefore my sincere thanks, and be pleased to make my acknowledgements to your honorable fellow citizen, Dr. TITBIT, for his fine kite, so well supplied with bobs, The Toadeater. Believe, sir, in my distinguished consideration.

(Signed) WILYTONGUE.

XUM

MINING STOCKS MUST BE DOWN.

Waiter.—"DID YOU SAY VEGETABLE SOUP, SIR?"

Grouty old Gent.—"OF COURSE I SAID VEGETABLE SOUP!—DID YOU THINK I WANTED MINERAL SOUP, YOU FEEBLE-MINDED IDIOT?"

Catch.

(OR, IF NOT A CATCH AT PRESENT, SOON TO BE ONE.)

Price—Price—Price,
Price—Price—Price,
Price—Price—Price.
See how he runs!
See how he runs!
See how he runs!
He runs from the weapons of manly strife,
The bayonet, sabre and bowie knife,
And gives leg bail for his limbs and life;
See how he runs!

Something for Professor Agassiz.

It has lately been stated that a number of Torpedoes have been captured in the Savannah River. Our Cockney man says he should not wonder so much to hear of Electric Heels being found there, as the Rebels have shown Heels generally than which no lightning could be quicker. Perhaps Professor AGASSIZ will be so good as to enlighten us upon the subject.

A Lucterous View of It.

Speaking of the illumination of public buildings on the anniversary of WASHINGTON's birth-day, VANITY FAIR grieves that, notwithstanding the President's proclamation recommending that the day should be devoted to "public solemnities," the people seemed generally disposed to make Light of it.

A Case for Military Chaplains.

There must have been swearing among the prisoners taken at Fort Donelson, for report says that when they found they were to be sent North, many were ready to take any oath.

OUR WAR CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER FROM MC ARONE.

FORT DONELSON, 29th, Feb.

DEAR VANITY:—The newspapers are so full of my praises and exploits that it really seems a work of supererogation for me to write anything about the taking of this work.

I should not have said a word of it, had not the *Tribune*, *Times*, and *Herald*, evinced a disposition to ignore the hero to whom the greenest laurels are obviously due.

The *Tribune*, in order to give its customary little nasty fling at MCCLELLAN, awards my friend STANTON all the credit, and says he took Fort Donelson....

The *Times*, to hurt the *Tribune's* feelings, says that MCCLELLAN took it....

The *Herald*, misjudging as usual, says that HALLECK took it.....

It remains for you, then, my dear VANITY, to announce the truth....

I took it.

Aye, this broad right hand, that now deftly wields the intellectual pen, has slewed its thousands, and has planted the Old Flag upon the boasted bastions of this redoubtable redoubt....

I swear it.

Unaided, save by my gallant army....unarmed, save with such weapons as soldiers use....I scaled the batteries, charged the ramparts, breached the intrenchments, shelled out the fascines, and surrounded the magazines!

Roanoke Island....about which nothing is yet known....was a fool to it....

The resistance of the Rebels would have been much stouter if they had fought better....

There would have been many more to defend the fort if they had not run away....

That was all along of FLOYD....

Do you know FLOYD?

He had command of an outwork, with five thousand men and a good armament....

But all men have their peculiarities. FLOYD's passion is for a whole skin. Wounds and injuries are inimical to his well-being.

He is not bullet-proof....and bullets were very plentiful around his post....so he left his post....

Left it in the night....stole quietly away. In point of fact, I may say sneaked away.

But then, consider his profession....

All thieves do that sort of thing.

When I found that FLOYD didn't want his outpost any longer, I took it, and worked it right merrily.

There were multitudinous seas incarnadined.

We found no valuables in the place....

FLOYD had been there.

The report is unfounded, that the Rebels showed the black flag ....it was the White Feather.

General BUCKNER finally sent me this note, by the penny post:

DONELSON, Sunday.

Dear MAC:—As your troops are evidently routed and beaten terrifically, what terms of capitulation can I have? BUCKNER.

I replied as follows:

BEFORE DONELSON, Sunday.

Dear BUCK:—Uncondish surrender.

MC ARONE.

He returned word that the terms were entirely satisfactory; the Rebel flag was instantly hauled down, and BUCKNER delivered up his sword....

He was pretty drunk.

We took 150,000 prisoners, and would have taken more if they had been where we could get them.

Of the five Generals taken, one had left before the fight; another has not yet arrived, and a third wasn't there at all.

The fourth was another man....a minor officer.

The other is BUCKNER.

I shall hang him; partly for example's sake; partly for fun.

Then I shall go to Gnashville.

I am around....

Expect news shortly....

Believe nothing in the daily papers....

Believe me....

As ever, very truly yours.... MC ARONE.

SAUCE FOR GEESE.

Sanguine persons expected that this hot war built up around us would have had a good effect upon our social arrangements, by cauterizing off certain excrescences that are neither useful nor ornamental. To some extent such improvement has taken place, the war drainage having carried off a great quantity of unwholesome element. But as the lowest rowdy class becomes "small by degrees," other pernicious influences are springing up. There is one very large combination, for instance, to which we will give the name of "The Pernicious Petitioners Association," the members of which are all actuated by an insane desire to be appointed to some nice, easy, military office, such as that of Brigadier General. The qualifications of these military aspirants are based, for the most part, upon their disqualifications. Broken grocers are among them by hundreds. Broken gamblers abound. Broken noses and knuckles crowd in at the door out of which military preferment is expected to walk. Broken brokers are prominent in the turmoil: and the feature of the whole array is, in fact, that every member of it seems to be "dead broke," and therefore, in his own opinion, fully qualified for the discharge of any kind of military duty except fighting and other hard work.

Letter-writing is the lever used by these near connections of the Gorilla to lift themselves out of the mud into which many of them have been absorbed by Sloth and Rum—two powerful precipitators. We have lately observed in the daily papers a paragraph stating that the veteran soldier, General WINFIELD SCOTT, has been so pestered by place-hunting petitioners, since his return to his native country, as to be compelled to request a cessation of their favors by notice through the public press. Were General SCOTT only a Member of Congress this would not, of course, be a note for our sympathy to respond to; but, under the circumstances, we consider it our duty to keep a very thick stick in a very strong pickle for the backs of all such bores and bull-beggars as the General's "special war-correspondents."

Black, versus White.

When men have a habit of putting things well,
(To say it is Lying, would not be polite,)
They color the truth so in all that they tell,
They sometimes convince us that black, sirs, is white!

Some great Rebel Generals have done so of late,
Grim, terrible fellows, the minions of Fate;
They hoisted black flags, till our troops came in sight,
Then by some hocus pocus the black flags were white!

A HINT TO POETS.

SHOWING HOW TO MAKE A WAR SONG.

I.

The air is glad with bannered life
And gay with pomp of stripes and stars!
(Here, for the rhyme, you'll mention "strife,"
And happily allude to "Mars.")
A nation musters to the field,
Truth to maintain and wrong to right!
(Here promise that the foe shall yield,
And promise it with all your might.)

II.

Rebellion rears its rampant head,
And Hate lets loose the dogs of war,
(Here speak about the "gory bed"
Where heroes are provided for.)
But while the hearts of freemen beat,
And while their hands can wield the sword—
(Describe them pouring "leaden sleet,"
And falling on the "traitor horde.")

III.

GOD'S lightning rifts the battle's gloom!
The souls of heroes lead us on!
(Here touch on Vernon's sacred tomb,
And bones of glorious WASHINGTON.)
The listening nations hold their breath,
And guardian angels throng the sky—
(Here talk of "Liberty or Death,"
And say "we conquer or we die.")

IV.

The destinies of all the race
Hang on the issue of the hour;
(Here give considerable space
To sneers at royal pomp and power.)
For in the West is Freedom's star,
And in the West is Freedom's crown;
(Here say that sceptres near and far,
As also thrones, must tumble down.)

V.

For, face to face and hand to hand,
We'll beat the dastard traitors back;
(Allude here to "our native land,"
And, by the way, to "glory's track.")
Till once again from sea to sea
Our starry Flag shall proudly fly!
(Here swell "the anthem of the free,"
And don't forget to swell it high.)

VI.

And when at last the foot of Truth
Has crushed Rebellion's serpent head,
(Here someway you must speak of "youth,"
Though any rhyme will do instead.)
She'll hurl her lightning from the sun
And break the chains of all the world!
(And that will do—for all is done
When once the lightning's safely hurled.)

Only too True.

Professor AGASSIZ, in his lecture at Irving Hall the other night, said in reference to some extinct types that "corresponding animals exist at the present time." We are sorry to say that they do, and with reference, moreover, to types that are by no means extinct, as anybody must know who reads up the "special war correspondence" of journals on both sides of the Atlantic. Should any future investigator of "Fossil Footsteps" publish the results of his observations on those of the "corresponding animals" of this our period, he might very appropriately introduce his volumes to the public by some such title as "Footsteps of the Father of Lies."

Spicy.

One philosopher avers that "variety is the spice of life;" while another volunteers his opinion that "women are the spice of life." The latter, we think, is entitled to some consideration, on the ground that the Secessionist ladies imprisoned in Uncle SAM'S "stone jugs" are supposed to be All Spies.